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LEAVES OF ANTIQUITY



HERDER

TRANSLATED BY  
CAROLINE M. SAWYER

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Paul W. Drake,

June 4, 1909.



Leaves of Antiquity  
THE  
POETRY OF HEBREW TRADITION

*TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN*  
OF  
JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON HERDER

BY  
CAROLINE M. SAWYER

**Third Edition**

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## TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

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THE following collection of Prose Poems, of which I beg leave to offer to the reader a translation, are from the pen of JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON HERDER, one of Germany's most profound scholars and greatest linguists.

Herder is little known in this country save by his work on the "Spirit of Hebrew Poetry," which was a few years since translated and published by Dr. Marsh of the University of Vermont, who says of the author: "He was a man of wonderful literary attainments, and Germany is deeply indebted to him for his valuable works in almost every branch of literature; and few authors have had a



greater influence upon the public taste in that country." He was familiar with every language of Europe, and his knowledge of Oriental languages was vast and phenomenal. As a poet he was distinguished more for his translations than for original productions; and he rendered great service to his country by bringing before it the poetry of past times of Europe and Asia,—a task for which his various accomplishments, his vast knowledge, and fine taste peculiarly fitted him. He has been beautifully, if fancifully, spoken of by another of Germany's distinguished writers as a "High-priest of Nature, like an ancient Brahmin, majestically walking amid the sacred groves of literature."

As a clergyman he had great reputation both for his powers of eloquence and for his theological attainments; and he contributed much to the better understanding of the historical and antiquarian parts of the Old Testament. As a man he is asserted by his biographers to have been a "model of



virtue," ever ready to do all the good in his power.

His greatest work, "Ideas concerning the Philosophy of the History of Mankind," is said to be one of the noblest productions of modern literature. Some years after his death, the Grand Duke of Weimar ordered a tablet of cast iron to be placed upon his grave, bearing the simple inscription, "Licht, Liebe, Leben," — Light, Love, Life.

The complete works of Herder were in 1806 published in forty-five octavo volumes; and in 1828 another edition was issued in sixty duodecimo volumes.

His "Leaves of the Poetry of Hebrew Tradition," now offered to the reader in this little volume, and embracing in all nearly fifty traditions, are the *earliest known traditions of the human race*. That they were in no sense drawn from the narratives of the Bible, but were, as the author declares, found exclusively in the literature of various and widely separated Oriental nations, and yet

that they in several respects trench closely on the sacred narratives, is certainly most interesting. Separated widely by space, and still more widely by the difference of language from each other and from the Jewish people, how did these apparent resemblances come about? This is a question more easily asked than answered.

By some a part of these "Leaves" may be thought extremely fanciful; but it should be remembered that in the dusky remoteness of antiquity simplicity and poetical expression must have been the only form of utterance among the people.

I can in no better way introduce this work to the reader than by subjoining the Preface prefixed by Herder to the "Leaves" on their first publication.

C. M. SAWYER.

TUFTS COLLEGE.

## AUTHOR'S PREFACE.


---

THE following Prose Poems do not claim to be ranked among the Fables of Æsop; they rather modestly cloak themselves under the name of "Poems from Tradition," for from traditions or from the histories of ancient Oriental nations they were drawn. They must, therefore, even in their new form, preserve with strict fidelity the manners and modes of representation among those nations, even when they differ widely from our own. In addition to the child-like tone of these traditions, there is the peculiarity that they have no poetic measure, and do not adopt the ornaments of refined nations. They stand here

unassumingly as strangers, and claim the friendly courtesy that we extend to foreigners, by entering into their modes of thinking, and judging them according to their own laws.

I have met these traditions in paths where I did not seek them; chiefly in the study of Oriental languages, traditions, and commentaries. Here an image, a simile, a poem, was often to me what the juniper-tree in the desert was to the weary prophet,— in itself a humble shrub, but which meanwhile gave to him shadow, and imparted to him strength. Or to speak without figure, in the traditions of the Orientals, incongruous and absurd as they might sometimes appear, I met often with ideas so poetical, and which also seemed to demand a more attractive garb, that I was induced to extract them, and in my hours of leisure to clothe them after my own manner.

Let no one, therefore, confound these poems with the narratives of the Bible: they



are entirely apocryphal, — either ancient traditions of various Oriental nations, or at least sprouted growths from germs of the same species. In their external dress, most of them belong entirely to me; a few of them only stand precisely as they are given in the traditions. But all the others likewise, as every intelligent reader will know, are abridged from traditions; and the more they partake of the character of simple abridgments and the more purely these imitations breathe the spirit of Orientalism, so much the more do they attain their object. One then recognizes in them a continuous tale of his childhood; the poem clings to him as something he has dreamed in his youth, in which he only sees painted the shadows and outlines of celebrated places and names. If one would read these poems as Oriental fables or idyls, he must become as it were a child.

JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON HERDER.



## CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
TRADITIONARY LEAVES . . . . .	13
LIGHT AND LOVE . . . . .	17
THE SUN AND MOON . . . . .	20
THE CHILD OF LOVE . . . . .	24
THE FORM OF MAN . . . . .	30
THE TREES OF EDEN . . . . .	33
THE VINE . . . . .	36
ADAM AND THE SERAPH . . . . .	39
LILIS AND EVE . . . . .	43
SAMMAEL . . . . .	47
THE ANGEL OF CARE . . . . .	51
THE SNOWDROP . . . . .	56
THE BIRD OF IMMORTAL TRUTH . . . . .	61
THE HEAVENLY SHEPHERD . . . . .	65
THE DEATH OF ADAM . . . . .	69
THE SWAN OF PARADISE . . . . .	73
THE RAVEN OF NOAH . . . . .	77
NOAH'S DOVE . . . . .	79
THE CHILDHOOD OF ABRAHAM . . . . .	82
THE VOICE OF TEARS . . . . .	84



	PAGE
THE GRAVE OF RACHEL . . . . .	91
JOSEPH AND ZULIKA . . . . .	96
JUBAL, THE POWER OF THE HARP . . . . .	98
THE STRIFE OF THE SACRED MOUNTAINS . . . . .	104
THE SURETIES OF THE HUMAN RACE . . . . .	107
THE WORD OF THE LAW . . . . .	109
THE ANGEL OF SLEEP . . . . .	114
THE DISROBING OF AARON . . . . .	117
THE DEATH OF MOSES . . . . .	121
THE DOVE OF SACRIFICE . . . . .	125
THE SONGS OF THE NIGHT . . . . .	129
THE MORNING DAWN . . . . .	133
THE PSALMIST . . . . .	136
DAVID AND JONATHAN . . . . .	139
THE YOUTHFUL SOLOMON . . . . .	143
SOLOMON'S OLD AGE . . . . .	145
ELIJAH . . . . .	149
THE THRONE OF MAJESTY . . . . .	154
THE PROPHET'S STAFF . . . . .	158
THE SACRED FIRE . . . . .	161
THE STARS . . . . .	165
THE VERDICT OF THE HEATHEN RULER . . . . .	167
THE CONQUEROR OF THE WORLD . . . . .	172
THE ANGEL OF DEATH . . . . .	173

## LEAVES OF ANTIQUITY.



### TRADITIONAL LEAVES.

**I**N the grove of earliest tradition, my spirit wandered around and approached the gate of Eden. "Mortal, what wouldst thou here?" demanded the radiant and celestial being who watched the sacred garden; but his aspect was mild and serene, and, instead of a fiery sword, he held a palm-branch in his hand:

"I would behold the earliest habitation of my race," I answered. "I would look upon the Tree of Life and the

Tree of Knowledge, and upon those happy fields where the father of my race — of all living — once learned, even from the Elohim's self, childlike wisdom."

"This Paradise blooms no longer," said the celestial being. "In an immortal garden has the Tree of Life been planted, and the Tree of Knowledge blossoms among all the nations of the earth. Recognize my form!"

As the Seraph spoke, he touched me with his palm-branch, and ascended into the air.

What a form did mine eyes now behold! What voices of creation now burst upon my newly opened ear! Every living thing, with the kings of their races, — the Eagle and the Ox, Man and the Lion, — all approached the

throne of the Ever-living Father. All was radiant with happiness, and songs of praise resounded with unceasing continuance. Wherever the Eagle soared, there breathed the Ox, and there the Lion strayed, and Man, their ever friendly and latest born brother, was the priest of Nature, guiding the chariot of all earthly creation, and bearing to the feet of the Eternal the offerings and allegiance of all. My spirit dissolved in the soft harmony of the swelling anthem of praise that resounded from all beings.

In mildest radiance the Seraph again stood before me. The palm-branch in his right hand was broken, but its leaves were the imperishable leaves of the most ancient tradition.

“Receive them!” said he. “Tran-

scribe and communicate to thy brethren." The vision vanished.

I obey the command of that celestial being, — a command which, as it embraces all the forms, so also all the voices of creation, and has outlived each expiring race of man. Upon my lips be the language of primeval days, and may my childlike traditions breathe the aspirations of the Spirits of Paradise.

## LIGHT AND LOVE.

**I**N the beginning all was waste and void,—a cold and fathomless sea; and the elements of matter lay wildly intermingled. Then from the mouth of the Eternal came forth the breath of life, and the icy chain was broken; and, like a brooding dove, softly moved the wavering mother-wings. In the dark abyss, all was now vehemently struggling into birth. Then came forth earth's first-born,—beautiful and joyous Light.

Friendly Light, uniting with Maternal Love, moved upon the face of the waters; they darted swiftly up to the

heavens and joyously spread out the golden azure. They descended into the ocean and filled the depths with life. From its bosom they bore up the Earth, — an altar to the great Creator, — bestrewing its bosom with ever-blooming flowers, and infusing vitality into the smallest dust.

And when they had filled the sea and its depths, and the earth and the air, with life, the heavenly counsellors stood still, and thus talked with one another: "What shall we now? We will create man, — a form like ourselves, — a likeness of Him who, through Light and Love, created the heavens and the earth."

Life then animated the dust; Light beamed forth from the godlike face of Man; while Love made choice of his



inmost heart to be her secret dwelling place. The Eternal Father beheld, and pronounced the creation good; for all was filled, all was penetrated, with His all-pervading and vivifying light, and His pure daughter, even life-giving Love.

. . . . .


Wherefore murmurest thou, O idle philosopher, and gazest upon the beautiful earth as upon a dark chaos? Chaos is reduced to order. Order thou thyself. In the duties of life alone is human happiness; in Light and Love alone is the felicity of Heaven.



## THE SUN AND MOON.

DAUGHTER of Beauty, keep thyself from envy! Envy hath hurled an angel from heaven; it hath darkened the loveliest form of night, — even the beautiful moon.

. . . . .  
From the counsels of the Eternal went forth the creative voice, "Two lights shall glitter in the firmament, as kings of the earth and distinguishers of rolling time." He spake, and it came to pass. Up rolled the Sun, the first light. As a bridegroom cometh forth from his chamber, as the hero rejoicingly pursues his victorious



way, so stood the sun, clothed in the radiance of the Highest. A garland of every dye encircled his head; the earth shouted for joy; the plants yielded to him their fragrance; and the flowers arrayed themselves in lovely and varied garbs.


Filled with envy stood the lesser light; for she saw that she could not outshine the lordly Sun. "Why," murmured she to herself, "should there be two princes upon one throne? Wherefore must I be the second, and not the first?"

Suddenly her beautiful light, banished by inward sorrow, vanished. Far off it darted, far away into the regions of air, and became the countless host of stars. Pale as death there stood Luna, ashamed and confounded

before all the heavenly creation. Weeping, she cried, "Have pity upon me, Father of beings, have pity!"

An Angel then stood before the grieved and disconsolate mourner, and pronounced the sentence of immortal destiny.

"Because thou hast envied the light of the Sun, O thou unhappy one," he exclaimed, "thou shalt in future shine only by his light; and when yonder earth steps before thee thou shalt be, as now, half or wholly darkened. Yet, child of error, weep not: the Merciful hath forgiven thy fault, and hath turned it even unto good. 'Go,' said He, 'speak consolingly to the repentant; let her also in her radiance be queen. The tears of her repentance shall be a balsam to quicken all that languish.



They shall be called Dew, and shall endow with new strength all that have fainted beneath the rays of the Sun.' " Consoled and comforted, Luna turned away, when, behold, there suddenly encircled her the same mild glory in which even now she shines; and she entered upon the silent course in which she still moves on,—the queen of night and leader of the stars. Bewailing her guilt and sympathizing with the sorrows of the dwellers on the earth, she sheds the dews of her pity upon all who need comfort and aid.

. . . . .  
Daughter of Beauty, beware of envy! Envy hath hurled an angel from heaven; it hath shadowed the loveliness of the silent queen of night, even the beautiful Moon.

## THE CHILD OF LOVE.

WHEN the Almighty had laid the foundations of the earth, and divided the waters and the land, and had called forth the sun and the moon, and established day and night, behold, beauty and fulness everywhere sprang up, a heritage of plenty for all future times, and a tribute of praise to the creative Elohim. The trees were heavy with their fruits, the air perfumed with the flowers that covered the hills and valleys with beauty; cattle were feeding on the green herbage, and reposing in the shade; and peace and harmony everywhere reigned. The Al-

mighty looked upon the work of His hand, and saw that it was good.

But Man had not yet been created, and the earth was without a ruler.

Then the Elohim called the chief of his angels in council around him, and said, "Let us create man, that the beasts of the field and the fruits of the garden may yield tribute to the soul of a higher intelligence."

Then there arose among the angelic counsellors the voice of doubt and dismay.

"Create him not!" cried the Angel of Justice; "he will deal unjustly with his brothers, and toward them who are weak and defenceless will he be hard and cruel!"

"Create him not!" said the Angel of Peace; "he will drench the earth

with blood, and the first-born of his race will become a fratricide."

"He will profane Thy Holiness with falsehood," exclaimed the Angel of Truth, "even though Thou shouldst enstamp Thine own image, the seal of truth, upon his forehead!"

While the angels were still speaking, the youngest and dearest child of the Eternal Father, the Angel of Love, drew near His throne, and, clasping His knees, "Create him!" she with warm and sudden passion exclaimed. "Create him, O my Father, an image of Thyself, a cherished object of Thy goodness and care. When, offended by his transgressions, all Thy other servants have forsaken him, then will I descend upon the earth, and will stand fondly and truly by his side. I will turn even

his faults to good. His frail heart will I fill with tenderness and compassion, and incline it to pity and sustain them who are weaker than himself. When he wanders away from peace and truth, when he offends against justice and right, then shall even the consequences of his error turn him back to the right way, chastened and improved. Create him, my Father, and send me to the earth that I may watch over and guide and guard him."

The Almighty listened to the voice of his dearest child, and there was pity in his smile as he answered, —

"I will grant thy prayer, my daughter, and will create Man, and thou shalt dwell with him to soften as much as possible the sufferings that his errors will bring upon him, and the tempta-



tions that will beset him. Go, then, my daughter ; but thou wilt have sorrow, and thy heart will often fail thee at Man's ingratitude."

"Let me go also, my Father," cried the Angel of Faith, "and the heart of my sister shall not fail her ! I will fill it with new courage when all her efforts seem to her in vain, and will sustain her under every disappointment. Love and Faith can never fail !"

Thus spake the Angels Love and Faith. And the Father of the human race created Man, — a frail and erring creature, but even in his transgressions an object of His eternal love and care, — a child of Mercy, — a son of the Angel Love, who never forsakes him, nor ceases to make him better.

---

Remember thy origin, O Man, when thou art cruel and unjust. Of all the divine counsellors, Love alone chose to call thee into being, and hath through life extended to thee the love and pity of a mother's heart.

## THE FORM OF MAN.

THE Creator descended, and all the angels — the princes of the elements — looked upon his work. He called to the dust, and together flew its particles from all parts of the earth. Then spake the Angel of the Earth: “A mortal creature shall this be, wherever upon the earth he may dwell; for of the earth he will be, and unto earth he must return.”

The Creator called to the clouds of heaven, and with gentle drops they moistened the dust. The clay was moulded, and inwardly filled with vessels and chambers. Then cried the



Angel of the Waters: "Thou wilt need nourishment, wonderful creature! and hunger and thirst will become the instincts of thy life."

Veins and arteries were formed within, and without were formed his several limbs. Then the Angel of Life exclaimed: "To many desires wilt thou be subject, curious and beautiful form! and the love of thy kind shall attract and impel thee forward in thy life on the earth."

Then came Jehovah with his daughters, Love and Wisdom, before Him. With a fatherly hand He lifted up His new creation, and with a kiss breathed into his nostrils His immortal breath. Erect stood Man, and looked around him with a curious eye.

"Behold!" said the Creator. "All

the products of the flood, all the beasts of the field, do I give to thee. The land of thy birth, the whole earth, is thine; rule thou over it. But thou thyself art mine; thy breath is mine, and I will take it again when thy time comes."

The daughters of God, Wisdom and Love, remained with Man, the new lord of the earth. They instructed and made him acquainted with all the plants and animals; they spoke to him as play-fellows, and their delight was with the children of men.

Thus Man passes his life here below. Then he falters and sinks, and gives back his body to the elements from which it was formed; but his spirit returns again to God, who gave him his breath in a Father's kiss.

## THE TREES OF EDEN.

**W**HEN God led Man into Eden, the trees of the garden bowed down before him, and each one, with waving top, offered to this favorite of God its fruits, and the shade of its branches to refresh him.

“O that he might make choice of me!” said the Palm-tree; “I would feed him with the clusters of my bosom, and with my juices would I quench his thirst. I would build him a peaceful dwelling with my leaves, and overshadow him with my branches.”

“With my blossoms would I bestrew thee,” said the Apple-tree, “and nourish thee with my choicest fruit.”

Thus it was with all the trees of Paradise, and Jehovah graciously led Adam into their midst, telling him the names of all, and permitting him to enjoy the fruits of all except the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge.

“A Tree of Knowledge!” said Man to himself. “All other trees were given to me only for earthly, bodily nourishment; but this tree, which would elevate my soul and make me like one of the angels, why should it be forbidden me?” For a time, indeed, he listened not to these thoughts; but when the example and the voice of the Tempter appealed to him, then tasted he of that evil fruit, whose juice even now is fermenting in our hearts.

“Thou hast given to Man a hard prohibition,” said the higher spirits,

when God returned to them ; “for what can be more delightful to a creature whom Thou hast endowed with reason than to drink in knowledge ? And wilt Thou therefore punish him with death who will soon transgress and disobey Thy command ? ”

“ Wait,” said the All-benevolent Father, — “ wait, and behold how I shall punish him even in the way of his errors, — a way that will lead him with the pangs of repentance through piercing thorns. Even by that way will I guide him to another tree, — to a tree of a higher Paradise ! ”




## THE VINE.

ON the day of creation the trees were glorying over one another, each one vaunting himself as better than his fellows.

“The Lord hath planted me,” cried the towering Cedar. “Firmness and fragrance, durability and strength, in me hath He united.”

“The grace of Jehovah hath set me to be a blessing,” exclaimed the far-shadowing Palm-tree; “in me hath He joined usefulness and beauty.”

“Like a bridegroom among youths,” said the Apple-tree, “I shine among the trees of Paradise.”



"Like a rose among thorns," whispered the Myrtle, "I stand among my sisters, the lowly shrubs."

Thus all boasted, — the Olive and the Fig-tree, and even the Pine and the Fir-tree.

The Vine alone was silent, and fell helplessly to the ground. "To me," it said to itself, "everything appears to be denied, — trunk and limbs, blossoms and fruits; but, such as I am, still will I wait and hope." It sank down, and its branches wept.

Not long did it thus wait and weep; for, behold! generous Man, the Divinity of the Earth, approached it. He beheld a feeble plant, the sport of every breeze, that sank beneath its own weight and sued for aid. With pitying hand he lifted it up, and twined its branches round his bowers. The

breeze now gaily sported among its tendrils; the rays of the sun penetrated its hard green berries, preparing within them the delicious nectar, — the beverage for gods and men. Adorned with rich clusters, the Vine soon bowed itself down to its master, who tasted their enlivening juice and called it his friend. The proud trees now envied the loaded Vine, for many of them stood there still unfruitful. But the Vine rejoiced in its slender form and its abiding hope. Therefore its fruit rejoices, even now, the heart of Man, and lifts up the drooping spirit, and comforts and gladdens the sorrowful.

. . . . .  
Despond not, forsaken one, but wait patiently. In the most insignificant channel flows the sweetest juice; the feeblest vine inspires and delights the heart.

## ADAM AND THE SERAPH.

ADAM was still a lonely dweller in Eden, when one evening he was reclining upon a hillock, in the shade of a tree which softly rustled its green branches over his head, and soothed his loneliness by its companionship. His face was turned toward the heavens, and his eyes fixed upon the stars, which held their silent course above the garden. As he thus lay, lost in silent contemplation, a Seraph suddenly stood before him.

“Wherefore, Adam, are thine eyes, with their longing, troubled gaze, thus fixed upon the heavens? What need-

est thou, Adam, that the Elohim has not bestowed upon thee?"

"What could I need," answered the father of the human race, "here in this dwelling of peace? My eyes were gazing upon the thousand stars shining so brightly in yonder heavenly plain, and I longed for the swift wings of the eagle that I might soar upward to their shining forms and behold the great universe from where they dwell."

"I bestow upon thee the wings thou desirest," said the seraph, touching Adam with the shining spear which he held in his hand. And Adam sank into slumber, and a dream visited him; and it seemed to the dreamer that he floated softly upward even to the heavens, and there beheld what only the angelic hosts could understand.

When he awoke, he looked around him, and wondered within himself; for he was yet resting under the tree, and the Seraph still stood before him.

“On what dost thou now meditate, Adam?” inquired the Seraph.

And Adam answered: “Behold, I was even now in the great space in the heavens inhabited by the stars; and I hovered about Orion and the seven stars yonder that are now gazing down upon me with their silent eyes. Shining worlds, great and wonderful as the sun, went rushing by me swifter than the swiftest eagle. The white path thou seest above us, behold, is a sea of light full of shining worlds; and above this sea of light is another, and still another; and upon these shining worlds dwell beings like myself, who pray to

the Elohim and render praise to His name. Seraph, was it thou who didst conduct me thither? ”

“ Nay,” answered the Seraph. “ This tree has still overshadowed thee and me, and upon this hillock has thy body still been resting. But, behold, Adam, there dwells within thee another seraph, with whom thou mayest stray amid the countless ranks of other worlds; and ever as thou ascendest higher and higher will thy prayers to the Elohim fall from thy lips with deeper and deeper reverence and adoration. Adam, behold! watch over and honor this divine seraph, lest vain and unholy desires clog its wings, and so fetter it to the earth that thou canst no longer rise above it.”

Thus spake the Seraph, and vanished from before the face of Adam.

## LILIS AND EVE.

LONELY strayed Adam around in Eden. He tended the trees, named the animals, enjoying everywhere the fruitful, blissful creation; but among all the living he found nothing that shared with him the wishes of his heart. Uneasy and restless he roamed from place to place; but still his heart was not satisfied.

At last his eyes timidly rested upon one of those beautiful beings of the air, who were inhabitants of the earth long before man was created, and who possessed the power of appearing before his then clearer vision. Lilis was the



name of this lovely being, who, like her sisters, dwelt among trees and flowers, and subsisted only on the most delightful perfumes.

“All created beings,” said Adam to himself, “live in communion with one another. O that this lovely creature were my wife!”

The Father of Mankind heard his wish, and said to him: “Thou hast cast thine eyes upon a form that was not created for thee; nevertheless, that thou mayest receive instruction from thy error, thy desire shall be granted thee.” God spoke the word of trans-formation, and Lilis stood before Adam in human form.

Joyfully Adam approached her; but soon he perceived his error. The beautiful Lilis was of a lofty spirit,

and withdrew haughtily from his embraces. "Am I," said she, "of thy origin? From the air of heaven was I formed, and not of the base earth. A thousand years is the period of my life. My power is the power of spirits, and the sweetest perfumes my heavenly aliment. With thy humble race, thou dust-born, I may not mingle." She floated away, and returned to her husband no more.

God said: "It is not good that man should be alone: I will give him a wife that shall be fitting for him." Then fell a deep sleep upon Adam, and a prophetic dream showed him that new being. From his side it arose,—a form like himself. Joyfully he awoke, and beheld his second self; and when God led the loved one to him, behold, his heart was moved within him,—for

she had been near his heart. "Mine thou art!" he exclaimed. "Thou shalt be called woman, for from man wert thou taken."

. . . . .

Wherefore, when God looks with favor upon a youth, he bestows upon him a companion that is befitting him, — the likeness of his heart, — to be his wife. Feeling that they are created for one another, they grow into one image, in ever new contentment and youthful beauty. But he who early gazes upon charms that are not for him, who woos a being whose nature is not like his own, receives for his punishment a wife who is unfitted for him. Two souls without sympathy united in one body will but forever harass themselves, and hate and torment each other.

## SAMMAEL.

WHEN God had created man out of the dust of the earth, and had crowned the corruptible clay with His own image, He arrayed the angels and all created beings before Him. The angelic hosts bowed themselves before the newly created one as their younger brother, and joyfully ministered to him in the festal pleasures of Paradise.

But one among them, the haughty Sammael, derided and scorned him. "Was I not formed from the light," he demanded, "and not from the dust? The stream of fire flowing from the throne of the Almighty

gave me existence, and not the crumbling earth."

At these words, behold, there shot forth from Sammael a stream of light, and the garment which had so radiantly adorned him melted like snow. The proudest spirit appeared now as the lowest, when the power which was not his own had departed from him.

Filled with fury, Sammael withdrew from the heavenly host, and threatened vengeance against innocent Adam.

"As I have been made wretched through thee," he exclaimed, "so shalt thou also through me become miserable!"

He had heard the command which forbade the first pair to eat of the hurtful tree, and he gathered his last rays together, wishing, still, in his angel

form, to seduce them. But the snow melted as he strove to weave it into a garment, and as he proceeded on the path of the betrayer he sank down into the form of a serpent. Of the radiant seraph nothing now remained to it but its glittering colors.

Eve saw and admired, and soon suffered herself to be betrayed. She ate of the deadly tree, and gave of its fruits to her husband; and sickness and misery were now germinated for all the generations of the earth.

The Father of mankind appeared. With compassion was His sentence pronounced upon those who had been betrayed; but the seducing serpent He rigorously punished, accursing him to become the most abhorred reptile of the earth. "Because it was thy delight,"

said He to Sammael, "to cause unhappiness, henceforth be this malicious pleasure thy miserable portion."

Banished from the host of the blest, banished from every blessed employment which, in Heaven, it had ever delighted him to pursue, Sammael was now the Angel of Death.



## THE ANGEL OF CARE.

WHEN man, having transgressed the command of his Creator, had been exiled from Paradise, his first home, then the Angels Love and Wisdom gladly entered upon their duties of soothing and guiding him in his desolate exile. They comforted him with the promise of restoration to the favor of his Creator when his destiny on the earth should be accomplished, and man rose up from his dejection and was comforted.

The angel host which had beheld with joyful hearts his creation, and mourned over his fall, now listened



with gladness to the words of Wisdom and Love, and, singing the anthem, "All is well!" returned to their home in Heaven.

But one pensive daughter of the Elohim, the Angel of Care, withdrew from her sisters, and, sitting down by the river that flows beside the Garden of Eden, sadly meditated.

"Why is it?" thought she, "that I only of the daughters of God who are permitted to descend to the earth have no charge given me to watch over the earth-born creatures to whom the Elohim has given life? My sister Angels Love and Wisdom, are each intrusted with the holy duty of teaching them when they would go astray, and comforting them when sorrow comes to their door, or the wrongdoing of their brothers

makes their lives bitter. Even the Angel of Earth can some time draw near to claim them. I alone am nothing!"

And the angel bowed her head upon her knees and wept.

"What aileth thee, my daughter?" said a voice to the weeping angel. "Why bemoanest thou thus thyself?"

And the angel lifted up her head, and answered, "O my Father, I also would be permitted to watch over and comfort the creatures Thou hast exiled from their home in Eden, the Paradise they now weep for, where they first dwelt. My sister Angels Wisdom and Love are permitted to watch them at their will. But, behold! I am nothing."

And the angel again bowed her head and was silent.

“Wait, my daughter!” gently comforted the Father. “Wait! thou shalt yet have the desire of thy heart, and be satisfied. When the days of my newly created beings are accomplished upon the earth, then will I receive their souls again unto myself, for by my breath were they made to live. And the Angel of Earth will claim their bodies, for out of the dust of earth were they formed. But their days will be long upon the earth, and be thine the mission to walk ever beside them, and in all their wanderings never to turn thy steps away from their side. When they suffer, thou also wilt share their sufferings. Go in peace, my daughter, and be satisfied.”

The Almighty ascended again into Heaven, and the Angel Care entered

upon her mission. Since that time Care has never forsaken man. Wherever his footsteps lead him, there also the Angel Care is still at his side, nor will ever forsake him until God who is the author of his being recalls his spirit to Himself, and the earth hides his body from sight; for of earth was his body fashioned, but his spirit is an emanation from that Almighty One who created the heavens and the earth.

## THE SNOWDROP.

WHEN Eve, the mother of all the race of man, had eaten of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge which the Almighty had forbidden, commanding, "Thou shalt not eat of it," and Adam had partaken with her, behold! a sudden terror took possession of her soul, trembling through her whole being. She beheld the flowers at her feet withering upon their stems, the verdure fading from the fields, and desolation settling down upon the face of Paradise. The sun disappeared from the heavens, and in its stead a cold white snow, such as she had never

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beheld, fell slowly down upon her, and covering all things around her with a white mantle.


Amazed and bewildered at the strange new aspect of Eden, Eve stood for a moment motionless and afraid; then, hiding her face in her trembling hands, she filled the air with despairing moans.

As Eve thus stood bemoaning herself, an angel filled with pity for her griefs descended from on high, and stood before her. He was clothed in white raiment, and held in his hand a silver spear; and his face was radiant with love and compassion. Touching her with his spear, "Look up, poor daughter of the dust," he gently commanded, "all is not lost."

Eve lifted her head, and despairingly

cried out: "Ah me! who will save me from this evil which has come upon me? Has the Almighty clean cast me out from His mercy and forsaken me forever?"

"Be not thus dismayed, nor bemoan thyself in vain, poor daughter of the dust," answered the angel; "all is not lost. The All-seeing, against whom thou hast transgressed, has sent me to comfort thee. Thy moans have reached His ear, and turned His heart to thee once more, and all is not lost. The blinding snow, which is falling upon thy head, and hiding the glories of Eden from thy sight, will disappear; the sun will again shine forth, the blighted fields again become green, and new life will spring up from the ground now covered with what seems to thee



the mantle of extinction. Behold the promise of a renewal of life."

As the angel thus spake, he took in his hand a flake of the falling snow, and breathing upon it, bade it take the form of a flower, and bud and blossom. In a moment the flake of snow became an open flower. Placing it in the hand of Eve, "Let this," said the angel, "be to thee a sign and symbol of the return of summer to the earth, and of peace to thy heart. Then wilt thou know that the All-gracious Father hath forgiven thee."

With silent wonder Eve held the flower a moment in her hand; then, looking up to speak her gratitude to the angel, behold! he was nowhere to be seen; but in the place where he had stood, she beheld a radiant bed of



blossoms, white and green and fragrant, and she knew that summer was again nigh, and that she was forgiven.

The beautiful flowers were the precursors of the blossoms which have ever since ushered in the earliest flowers of the year, — the delicate snowdrops.

## THE BIRD OF IMMORTAL TRUTH.


**I**N the midst of Paradise grew those most wonderful trees of the earth,—the Tree of Knowledge and the Tree of Life. Of the Tree of Life, man was permitted to eat; but of the Tree of Knowledge, child as he was, he was forbidden to taste. The solitary Phœnix, until then king of the whole feathered race, alone nestled in its branches, and partook of its divine and immortal fruit.

When Eve, seduced by the subtle voice of the serpent, with longing gaze drew near the Tree of Knowledge, and would taste of its fruit, then it

was that, with a cry of warning from the tree, the winged witness of immortal truth lifted up its warning voice, and thus addressed her: "Deluded one! whither goest thou? What openest thou thine eyes to behold? To see thyself naked wilt thou become wise? To feel thyself poor wilt thou become a goddess?"

But the eye of Eve hung upon the tempting fruit, and upon the subtle betrayer. She transgressed the command of the Almighty, and listened not to the bird's prophetic voice.

When Death passed upon all the creatures of Paradise, God separated from them the faithful bird, to be forever a witness of the truth. Yet, with all living, he also must abandon the Garden, — the seat of early innocence.



King of the feathered tribes, who now warred with each other, he would no longer remain ; and his once happy, peaceful throne was usurped by a bird of prey,—the bloodthirsty eagle. His immortality also, in the dense and poisoned atmosphere of earth, henceforth became changed. But after centuries had elapsed, his youth, by a transformation, was suddenly and gloriously renewed. When his hour drew nigh, it was permitted him once more to wing his way to Paradise. There from the Tree of Life and from the Tree of Knowledge he broke the dry and ancient branches that in their flames his members might be dissolved. The branches of the Tree of Wisdom brought him death ; the flowers of the Tree of Life restored

to him fresh youth. Then to his desert he returned once more, and there alone mourned over the loss of Paradise,—the beautiful, solitary, rarely seen, and still more rarely followed Bird of Immortal Truth!

## THE HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.

**I**N the deep midnight, before that vernal festival in which the first-born sons of the human race were wont to bring to their Creator a thank-offering, their mother beheld in her sleep a wonderful vision. The white roses which her younger son had planted around his altar were changed to a bloody hue, such as she had never before seen. She endeavored to pluck the roses, but they fell scattering before her hand. Upon the altar, whereon hitherto only milk had been offered, now lay a bloody lamb. Weeping voices resounded around her on every

side, and among them she heard one voice of despair, until all were finally lost in a long, sweet tone, — a tone such as had never before fallen upon her ear.

A lovely field extended before her, — lovelier than even the Paradise where her first youth began, and upon which a white-robed shepherd, in the form of her son, tended his flock. Red roses were twined around his head, and in his hand he held a harp, from which the sweet tones that had met her ear proceeded. He turned toward her with a loving smile, and seemed as if wishing to approach her, and vanished. The dream vanished with him.

Awaking from her sleep, the mother beheld the morning dawn rising as it were in blood, and went with a heavy heart to the Feast of Offerings.

The brothers brought their offerings, and the parents returned to their home. Evening came, but the younger son returned not. Full of anguish, the mother sought him, but found only his scattered, melancholy flock. He himself lay bloody by the altar; the roses were stained with his blood, and the groans of Cain echoed loud from a neighboring cave.

Senseless sank the mother upon the corpse of her son, when a second time the vision of her dream appeared to her. The shepherd, whom she then beheld in a new Paradise, was her son. Red roses enwreathed his head, and delicious melody rang from his harp while he thus sang to her: "Look up to heaven, to the stars, weeping mother! Look up, and behold there yonder



glittering chariot. It guides to other fields,—to a lovelier Paradise than thou sawest in Eden, where the blood-stained rose of innocence blossoms in beauty, and every sigh is changed to the sweetest melody.”

The vision vanished. Strengthened and soothed, Eve arose from the pale form of her son, and when on the morrow she had bedewed him with her tears, and had garlanded him with the roses from his altar, the father and mother buried him by the altar of God, there to await the dawn of a more beautiful morning. But often at midnight she sat by his grave, and, gazing up to heaven to the far-off starry chariot, sought her shepherd there.

## THE DEATH OF ADAM.

NINE hundred and thirty years old was Adam when he felt within him the word of the Judge, "Thou shalt die the death."

"Let all my sons and my sons' sons come before me," said he to the weeping Eve, "that I may once more see and bless them before I die."

Then they all came and stood before him, many hundreds in number, and prayed that his life might be preserved."


"Who among you," said Adam, "will go up to the Holy Mountain? Perhaps he may find grace for me, and

bring me the fruit of the Tree of Life."

Immediately all his sons offered themselves; and Seth, the most devout, was chosen by the father himself to be the messenger. Seth bestrewed his head with ashes, and tarried not until he stood before the gate of Paradise.

"Let my father find grace, Most Merciful," prayed he, "and send him a fruit of the Tree of Life."

And suddenly a shining seraph stood before him, but, instead of the fruit of the Tree of Life, bore in his hand a branch of three leaves. "Bear this to thy father," the seraph gently commanded, "to be his last refreshment here; for eternal life dwells not on the earth. But hasten! his hour has come."



Quickly hastened Seth, and cast himself down before his father. "No fruit from the Tree of Life do I bring thee, my father; this branch only has the angel given me to be thy last refreshment here."

The dying Adam took the branch and comforted himself. He perceived in it the odor of Paradise, and his soul was exalted. "Children," said he, "eternal life dwells not on the earth for us; you will follow after me. But in these leaves I breathe the quickening air of another world." Then his eyes became fixed, and his spirit fled.


Adam's children buried their father, and wept around him thirty days; Seth alone wept not. He planted the branch upon his father's grave, at the head of the dead, and called it

the branch of the Tree of New Life,  
—the awakening from the sleep of  
death.

The little branch grew to a high tree,  
and Adam's children were strength-  
ened by it with the surety and solace  
of another life.

Thus it descended to the succeeding  
generations. In the garden of David  
it bloomed in beauty until his deluded  
son lost his faith in immortality. Then  
the branch withered ; but its seeds were  
scattered among other nations.

And when on a trunk of this tree  
the Restorer of Immortality gave up  
his holy spirit, the incense of a new  
life was diffused from it far and wide  
among all peoples.



## THE SWAN OF PARADISE.


FROM his youth, says sacred tradition, Enoch walked with God, and was a silent contemplator. Even as a child his angel had led him into Paradise. He read in books sent to him from Heaven, which were not written upon earthly leaves. He read in the book of the stars, and hence he was named Idris the Contemplator.

Once he was sitting alone under the cedars, when a silent inspiration was breathed into him. He beheld the approaching fate of this world, which was soon to be overwhelmed by a flood, and saw the day of avenging judgment.

"Oh!" sighed his soul, "that I might publish this to coming generations!"

Suddenly a shining swan descended from Heaven. Three times it encircled the contemplator's head, and then slowly returned to the clouds. Enoch knew the bird; it was a swan of Paradise, which even in his childhood he had seen and loved. A feather had fallen from its wing. He took the quill, and with it wrote his books of futurity.

And when he had long but vainly warned his brethren, and had prayed that the light that was in him might rise upon the world, he called his son to him, and thus spake: "The days of my life are at an end, — three hundred and sixty-five short years. Perhaps, my son, the All-Gracious may reckon the remainder of my years to thine."



Thus speaking, he blessed his son; when, behold! the swans of Paradise surrounded him and softly raised him up; upon their wings they bore him away, and Enoch was seen no more.

And when his son, Methuselah, among the clouds of the Holy Mountain had vainly sought him, a man in a radiant form stood before him.

"I was thy father's angel," he said; "I instructed him while yet a child, and bore him to Paradise. There he now dwells. He had lived many years, and soon became perfect; therefore he pleased God, and was loved of Him, and was taken away from life."

The angel ended, and touched the earth with his staff, when an almond-tree sprang up,—the early harbinger of spring. Yet ere its leaves appeared



its naked branches put forth blossoms, and proclaimed the joyful period. The angel vanished ; but Methuselah, to whom the years of his father were added, and who attained to the highest age of all the sons of earth, annually beheld in the early blossoms of the almond the youth of his father.

## THE RAVEN OF NOAH.

ANXIOUSLY Noah looked around him from his floating ark, waiting until the waters of the deluge should have subsided. Scarcely had the summits of the mountains looked forth, when he called all the feathered tribes around him. "Which among you," said he, "will be a messenger to discover whether our salvation is near?"

Instantly the raven, with a loud cry, pressed before all the others, for he scented the food he loved. Scarcely was the window opened, when away he flew, and returned not back. The

ingrate forgot his saviour and his duties, and clung to the unclean.

But vengeance awaited him. The air was still laden with poisonous exhalations, and heavy vapors hung over the decaying carcass that clouded his vision and blackened his feathers. His forgetfulness became his punishment, and his memory was as dull as his eyes. He knows not even his newborn young, and tastes not a father's joy. Terrified at their hideousness, he flies away and leaves them. The ingrate gave existence to an ungrateful race, and was destitute of that dearest reward, the gratitude of his children.

## NOAH'S DOVE.

EIGHT days had the father of the new world awaited the return of the tardy raven, when he called his hosts around him to choose another messenger. Timidly the dove flew upon his arm, and offered herself for the messenger.

“Daughter of fidelity!” said Noah, “thou wouldst indeed be to me a messenger of good tidings; but how wilt thou perform thy journey and accomplish thy task? How, when the storm seizes thee and hurls thee into the surges of death? Ever doth thy foot shun the mire, and thy tongue loathes unclean food.”

“Who,” answered the dove, “gives power to the weary, and strength to the feeble? Suffer me: I will surely be to thee the messenger of glad tidings.”

She flew away, and hovered here and there, but found no place whereon she could rest, when suddenly the Mountain of Paradise arose before her, with its verdant summit. Over it the waters of the deluge had not prevailed, and to the dove recourse to it was not forbidden. Joyfully she hastened forward, and, flying thither, descended humbly to the foot of the mountain. There a beautiful olive-tree stood in blossom. She broke a leaf from the tree, and, refreshed and strengthened, hastened back to the ark, and laid the leaf upon the breast of the slumbering Noah.

He awoke, and perceived around him the perfume of Paradise. Then his heart revived; the green leaf of peace reanimated his sons and daughters, until the Deliverer himself appeared to him, confirming the good tidings of the dove.

The dove, since then, has ever been the emblem of peace and love. "Like silver do her wings shine," says the hymn of peace, — a remaining gleam of that splendor of Paradise that refreshed her in her wanderings.

## THE CHILDHOOD OF ABRAHAM.

**I**N a sunless cavern was Abraham brought up, for the tyrant Nimrod sought after his life. But even in the dark dwelling the light of God was within him. He meditated, and said to himself, "Who was my Creator?"

After sixteen years he went forth; and when he for the first time beheld the heavens and the earth, how was he astonished, and how did his heart rejoice! He asked of all created things around him, "Who is your Creator?"

Up rolled the sun, and he fell prostrate at the sight. "That," said he, "is the Creator, for its form is beautiful and glorious!"

The sun arose and went down, and at evening disappeared. Then arose the moon, and Abraham spake thus within himself: "That light which departed was not the God of the heavens; perhaps it is this smaller light which yonder multitude of stars obey." But the moon and the stars also went down, and Abraham stood alone.

He sought his father, and demanded of him, "Who is the God of the heavens and the earth?" and Terah pointed to his idols. "I will prove them," said Abraham to himself; and when he was alone, he set the most delicious food before the idols. "If ye are living gods," said he, "receive my offering and eat." But there the gods stood, and stirred not.


"And can my father take these for



gods!" said the boy. "Well, I will instruct him." He took his staff and dashed all the idols save one to the earth; then, laying his staff in the hand of this god, he cried to his father, "Father, thy chiefest god has slain all his brothers!"

Angrily Terah looked upon his son, and replied, "Thou art mocking me, boy! How can that which my own hands fashioned have done this?"

"O, be not angry, my father," said Abraham, "and let thine ear receive what thy mouth utters. If thou couldst not trust in the power of thy god to perform what my boyish hand has done, how can he be the God who created thee and me, and the heavens and the earth?" And Terah was silenced by the words of the child.



But the story of his deed soon reached the ear of the tyrant Nimrod, who, summoning Abraham to his presence, thus addressed him: "My god shalt thou worship, boy, or the fiery furnace shall be thy doom!" For at the birth of Abraham the soothsayers had foretold to the king that he would destroy the idols and make void the laws of the king throughout the empire. Therefore the king persecuted him.

"Who is thy god, O king?" said the undaunted boy.

"The fire is my god," answered Nimrod, "that mightiest of all beings!"

"Fire," said the boy, "is extinguished by water; water is easily borne up by the clouds; the clouds are driven by the winds; and the winds are resisted

by man. Thus man is the mightiest of beings."

"And *I* the mightiest of men!" exclaimed the king. "Worship *me*, or the fiery furnace be thy doom!"

Then the boy, lifting up his calm and serious eyes, said to the king: "Yesterday I saw the sun rise in the morning and go down in the evening. Command, O king, that to-day it may rise in the evening, and go down in the morning. Then will I worship thee."

And Abraham was cast into the glowing fire.

But the power of the fire harmed not the boy; an angel took him softly in his arms, and, fanning the flames, they radiated from him like the exhalations of a lily. More beautiful than before the boy came forth from the fire, and

God soon appeared to him, and called him out of Chaldea, and consecrated him to be His friend.

And Abraham was the founder, for the whole earth, of the true divine worship of the One God of Heaven and Earth.

## THE VOICE OF TEARS.

FOR three days had Isaac in the heart of his father been already slain; for the fourth day God himself had already chosen for the sacrifice. Sunk in the deepest grief, Abraham was silently walking on toward Mount Moriah, when he was awakened by the gentle voice of his child.

“See, my father, here is fire and wood; but where is the lamb for the offering?”

“My son,” said Abraham, “God himself has chosen a lamb for the sacrifice.”

Then they went on in silence together.



When they had come to the place of sacrifice, and the altar was built, and all was ready, the father took his son, and laid him gently upon the altar, and, grasping the knife in his right hand, lifted his eyes to Heaven. The boy resisted not, and was silent, but with weeping eyes looked up to Heaven.

The silent tears in the eyes of the father and the child pierced the clouds, and with a mighty cry reached the heart of God.

"Abraham!" cried the angel of God from Heaven, "Abraham! spare the child, and harm him not. It is enough!"

Joyfully the father took back his restored son, the offering of God to him, and called the place so full of terror and of gladness, "The Lord beholdeth." He beholdeth the silent tears

in the eyes of the mourner, and sees that sorrow of the heart which appeals more earnestly than all lamentations.

. . . . .

Threefold is the prayer of man to God, and each is more availing than the former. A prayer with a subdued spirit rejoices Him; He hears it in His inmost heart, and graciously receives it even from the stammering lip. The prayer of distress, with its loud lamentations, pierces the clouds, and heaps coals of fire on the head of the oppressor. But mightier than all is the tear of the forsaken, who clings fast to God and dies; it bursts asunder every door and bar, and, pressing to the ear of God, calls the glance of the All-Seeing down to earth.

## THE GRAVE OF RACHEL.

WHEN Jacob returned from that Holy Place where in his youth God had once revealed Himself to him and he had beheld the heavens opened, his heart was filled with joy; for Jehovah had now confirmed His covenant with him anew.

But a bitter affliction awaited him. Rachel, the love of his youth, died in giving birth to her second son. When she felt her soul departing from her, and she saw that she must die, she summoned her waning powers to her aid, kissed the child, and called his name Benoni, the son of pain, and died.



When she appeared before the Eternal, weeping, she thus entreated Him :  
" Grant me, O Father, my first petition here before Thy throne. Suffer me sometimes to behold my loved ones, from whom thou hast separated me, that I may comfort them in their sorrows, and wipe away their tears."

" Thrice shall thy petition be granted unto thee," answered the Almighty.  
" Thrice upon the earth shalt thou behold thy children, yet their tears thou canst not wipe away."

She descended a first time, and beheld the aged Jacob mourning in anguish for her two sons. " My gray hairs," he cried, " will go down to the grave; with sorrow shall I turn me to the dead; for of Benoni also will ye now deprive me."

Sighing, she reascended to Heaven, and there remained until, at a far distant period, long after her husband and sons had departed from the earth, they came to her and joyfully told her how God had turned all their sorrows to joy.

She dried her tears, and long after this a second time descended upon her grave. There she beheld her children driven in misery, as man drives the senseless herds. Everywhere she found desolation, and even her grave was not spared. A long time she remained upon the desecrated grave, and there wailings from invisible lips were long heard.

A third time she descended upon the earth, when in Bethlehem blood was flowing from innocent children. Their

mothers were weeping in desolation, and upon her grave Rachel also wept aloud. "They are no more! They 'are no more!" And long upon that grave was heard the loud lamentation, "They are no more!"

When she had returned to Heaven, "Rest now, my daughter," said the All-merciful Father, "and torture thy heart no more with the sorrows of thy children. The ways of mortals lead soon into a valley where lamentations alone resound; but soon, when the valley ends, the lamentations will become songs of praise. Trust thy children to me, for they are mine also. Thy heart is not made to bear, but to soften the destiny of the earthly born."

Tranquillized the spirit of the beautiful Rachel remained thenceforth in

Paradise. She inquired, indeed, of each successive comer concerning the accomplished fate of her race upon the earth, but she never again returned to her grave, upon which the wailings of her maternal heart have long since ceased. That burial place is silent, and Rachel rejoices with her children in eternal rest.

## JOSEPH AND ZULIKA.

WHEN Potiphar's wife, the beautiful Zulika, tempted Joseph, and charmed all his senses, behold! there stood in spirit before him the venerable form of his father. "The names of thy brothers," said Jacob, "shall glitter upon twelve stones of the breastplate, and into the sanctuary of the All-Holy One shall enter as a memorial before Jehovah. Thy name also shall be written with them. Wilt thou, then, that thy name be blotted out, and thou be called the keeper of the adulteress?"

Immediately Joseph was restored to himself, and he turned away. His


heart remained firm in its strength, his hands and arms became strong, and the golden dreams of his childhood arose before his eyes.

Instead of one, there afterwards appeared two names of his race upon the shining stone in the presence of Jehovah. The dying father blest his son, and said : "A blooming branch is Joseph, the son of a blossom which stands over the fountain. His young branches sprout ; they sprout up from the walls, a reward of his youthful chastity and fear of God."

## JUBAL, THE POWER OF THE HARP.

**I**N the land of Nod, beyond Eden and toward the rising of the sun, Jubal, the son of Lamech, wandered weeping around, and found no comfort; for Ada, his mother, had told him of Eden, and of the rivers of Paradise, Pison and Hiddekel, and of the Tree of Life. He was a youth of deep reflection and tender heart, and he turned his face away when his father entered his narrow tent, a bloody sword in his hand.

His mother saw him as he was coming from the field, and went hastily to meet him. "Why art thou weeping, Jubal, my son, my best beloved?"



she inquired. "And what sorrow bearest thou in thy heart?"

"Ah! my mother," answered Jubal, "my soul is heavy with the thoughts of Eden and the sacred trees. Look about thee, mother! See how the curse rests upon this land,—the curse of Cain has fallen upon it."

"O, not so, my son!" said his mother.

"O my mother," continued the youth, "I go around and weep, for I find here no trace of Eden. The flaming sword of the seraph who guards the gate has withered all the beauty of the land. Nowhere do I find refreshing shade from the burning heat, nowhere a hill where terebinths rustle, and cool cedars wave, and pleasant rills flow down, and brooks go gurgling between verdant banks.



The land is desert, parched, and dreadful as the sin of Cain. Mother, I must go forth from my father's tent, that my heart may not die with eternal longings. Give me thy blessing, and I will seek in some distant land a home upon which the curse of Cain does not rest."

Thus spake Jubal, and when the evening was come he went forth into the desert. But, behold! as his heart grew heavier within him, a rustling as of light wings came to his ears, and in the radiance of the starry heavens a heavenly messenger stood before him. In his hand he held a harp.

Thus the heavenly one addressed him: "Jubal, take the harp, and grasp its golden strings."

Jubal obeyed; and when the golden

strings of the harp were struck, there awoke in its depth a sound sweeter than any earthly tones. Mighty movements began around him. The sands of the desert rose up and projected themselves into mighty hills, and the hills grew into rocks. But upon the rocks little lambs were skipping and grazing in soft, luxuriant green; terebinths rustled, and lofty cedars swayed their branches, and through the deep shadows singing brooks wandered along between blooming shores.

And tender and more tender still resounded the strings, and a silver stream rolled with peaceful waves through the odorous fields; and it was as if the eternal stars had wandered from their spheres and plunged themselves in silent beauty into the waves.

Strange and wonderful were the emotions born in the soul of the youth, and he felt as if life were dissolving away from his beating breast.

“O, leave me thy harp, thou heavenly messenger!” he exclaimed; “for thoughts are born within me as if I were one of the immortal ones.”

And the heavenly messenger thus replied: “When the angel had driven the first sinners from Paradise, he broke the Tree of Life. The immortals stood around him and wept; and the voice of the Almighty Father commanded me, and said: ‘Arise, and fashion from the shattered tree a resounding harp, and when thou findest among the fallen children of the dust a love that is like the love of the immortals, then give him the harp and the gift of song.’


“Thus spake the Eternal; and to thee, thou son of Lamech, I give the harp; and when thou touchest its strings with a holy hand, behold, the echo of thy song shall fill thy soul with immortal rapture, and wherever thou wanderest it will be to thee as if thou stoodest under the tree of life.”

From this time Jubal sorrowed no more for the loss of Eden. In the hours when longings filled his soul, he struck the harp, and its strings resounded, and, as at first, the terebinths rustled, and the cedars waved their branches, and the brooks sang along the blooming shores.

## THE STRIFE OF THE SACRED MOUNTAINS.

**G**OD descended upon Mount Sinai to issue His law, and the spirits of the mountains in the Land of Promise gathered around him. "Wherefore," demanded they, "despisest Thou us, thine own elect, and choosest a stranger mountain, — a barren rock in a heathen desert, — to be the resting place of Thy feet?"

"Who are ye," said Jehovah, "that ye should dare to become the footstool of my majesty? Look abroad! My steps were there upon yonder sunken mountains, upon the shattered hills of ancient time; where is now the crown of their summits?"



“But upon you,” continued the All-gracious Father, “upon you will I in milder revelations make known my greatness. Thou, smiling Tabor, shalt behold the countenance of my Son, and in him shalt hear my gentler voice. Mountain of God, thou fruitful Carmel, upon thee in future times shall my second servant, Elias, dwell, and with fire from Heaven make known my Name to the children of men. Thou, Lebanon, shalt build up my sanctuary; and thou, modest, silent Zion, upon thee, the smallest of the mountains, shall that sanctuary hereafter rest, the eternal habitation of my name. The mountain that is then the dwelling of Jehovah shall be higher than all the mountains of the earth, lifting itself over every hill.”

Joyfully the spirits of the mountains retired from the presence of Jehovah. They envied Sinai no longer; and humble Zion, the smallest among them all, became in future time the greatest of the mountains.

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## THE SURETIES OF THE HUMAN RACE.

THE guilt of the parents is punished by God through their children. The sins of the father are often atoned for by the son and the son's son.

When God gave His law upon Sinai, He said: "Bring forward your securities that you will keep my Law."


They named to Him their righteous fathers; but Jehovah accepted not the security. "They are themselves guilty as certainly as you; give me your children and your children's children as pledges."

The souls of the unborn were gathered about the mountain: the sucklings



upon the breast, the children upon the mothers' lap, raised their voices, and assumed the surety. Then spake the Eternal: "I will visit the iniquity of the father upon the children to the third and fourth generation; but I will pardon and bless even to the thousandth generation!"

Moses bowed in adoration, and when God passed before him a voice proclaimed: "The Lord! the Lord God gracious and merciful, who forgivest iniquity, transgression, and sin; and if Thou punishest the father to the third and fourth generation, so dost Thou also bless to the thousandth."



## THE WORD OF THE LAW.

**G**OD descended to pronounce His Law on Mount Sinai, and Moses entered into the sacred cloud before Him. "All-gracious Jehovah," he said, "Thou wilt give Thy law to Israel that all the people may obey it; but will other nations also and the coming generations listen to the voice of God?"

"They have heard it," answered the Almighty. "Every prophet and sage, even every child, wherever upon the earth it has lived, there it has received its portion. These souls themselves are an echo of My voice,—of that voice which fills all worlds."

Then God commanded and summoned the Angel of Souls that he might lead the questioners into the kingdom of the inner creation. Here Moses saw how, through the power of the Eternal Word, the form of man came into being; every growing nature was the root of a tree full of godlike thoughts.

"As many," said the angel, "as there are here of human souls, so many are the interpretations of the voice that created the Universe. Many souls comprehend much of the voice; but thy soul," continued the angel to Moses, "shall understand the tree of the Law, with its root, trunk, and branches. Every soul shall be judged according to the power it possesses, — according to its understanding of the voice that called it into life."

And the angel took Moses by the hand, and led him into the vestibule of Paradise. "Here," said the angel, "are the souls of the unborn educated and prepared for their life upon the earth. According to the measure of obedience and fidelity manifested by a soul, it descends into this or that race to its reward or punishment. Yet, before each soul descends, its angel leads it around, and shows it the gates of Hell and of Paradise. There it beholds the unjust in misery; here, the righteous comforted. Whatever impression the soul now receives and firmly retains, in accordance with that will its future life on the earth be modelled. He in whose memory Hell alone lingers will be a slave; but he who longingly receives into himself and

remembers the joys of Paradise will be a child of Jehovah, and will find upon the earth the consolations of Paradise. He who preserves in himself the memory of neither will grow wild and senseless, and will become a beast of the field."

Then came also the Angel of Wisdom, and took Moses by the hand, and led him into the school of Heaven.

"Behold here," said the angel, "the souls assembled together: each one, in that silent moment when it reads in itself the words of the Eternal, ascends to Him. As soon as the senses become silent, and the body of man sleeps, the soul goes upward to Heaven, and to him is it vouchsafed to read undestroyed the mind of the Eternal. The highest angels will not cease their

songs of praise until all souls are gathered together there, as it is written: 'All earth and Heaven lift up their voices in joy and thanksgiving.'

"Immediately the angels take up the same songs of praise, and weave them into a crown of harmony for the Eternal."

Then Moses fell down before the Angel, and cried:—

"How has Jehovah loved mankind!  
All His saints are about Him;  
They sit at His feet,  
And learn from Himself His eternal purposes."

## THE DISROBING OF AARON.

WITH a heavy heart, Moses disrobed his brother Aaron upon Mount Hor. He took off his sacred garments, and with them robed Eleazer. Then Aaron composed himself and died, for he also had sinned. And Israel mourned him thirty days.

On the thirtieth day, as Moses sat upon Mount Hor, he slept, and in a dream beheld his brother. The majesty of Jehovah beamed upon his forehead, and a more glorious garment of priesthood floated around his form, now radiant with eternal youth. A girdle of gold encircled his breast, but

the twelve stones of the sanctuary were not upon it. The staff which had bloomed in the earthly sanctuary was not in his hand.

“Wherefore is the staff of thy priesthood not in thy hand, my brother?” said Moses in the dream; “and wherefore glitter no longer upon thy breastplate the twelve stones of thy nation, for a memorial before God?”

“They were too heavy to me,” answered Aaron, “when I bore them upon earth; now my breast is enlarged and my soul enlightened. Even the staff of my race is no longer in my hand; for before the God of all the world all races and peoples are equal. A priest of Salem am I now, — in the Land of Peace, — a priest of a higher order.”




The vision vanished, and Moses renewed that happy and comforting law, so friendly to the human race, of the rest of the Sabbath after labors, and the Sabbatical Year for freeing the poor and the oppressed, the slave and the beast of burden. He renewed the law of the Feast of the Tabernacles, and the ever joyful Year of Jubilee.

## THE ANGEL OF SLEEP.

“**I** AM dark!” sadly murmured Sleep, the benignant angel who broods over all created beings, restoring strength to the weary and steeping in forgetfulness the sorrows of the wretched, “I am dark. My eyelids droop over my dull eyes, and I lie prostrate and motionless, as if Samael fanned me with his desolate wings. What have I to do among my sister angels, whose forms are radiant, and who are beloved by the newly created beings who once dwelt in Eden? The Angel of the Morning looks forth from her chambers in the

east, and behold! all nature wakens in answer to her smiles. The flowers lift up their fragrant cups, heavy with the dews shed from the wings of the Angel of Night. The birds unite in joyful chorus as she ushers in her earliest beams; and man himself forgets his exile from Eden when he beholds the dawn. But I am dark, and have no beauty in his eyes."

"Thou errest, my child!" said the voice of the All-Seeing. "I have heard thy complaint, and will speak comfort to thy heart. Dark and silent as thy form is, thou wilt yet be beloved of all the earth. Even the gay and happy, when sated with pleasure, will welcome thee to their arms and sink on thy bosom in peace. The weary will woo thee to give them rest, and the un-



happy bless thee for the forgetfulness thou dost bring."

"But," again murmured Sleep, "if I give rest to the weary, it is only that they may borrow from me strength to renew their labor and their weariness. And the unhappy will open their eyes only to be wretched as before. Who will give me comfort, that only in the dull stupor that I bestow can mortals find rest from their ills? I am dark, and Thou, O Father, hast created me in vain."

"Nay," continued the Father, "thou shalt yet be more desired than all thy sister angels. I give thee power over dreamland. Scatter its seeds over all who slumber, and the happy and the unhappy alike shall welcome thy presence, and find in dreams a fulfilment

of all their wishes and hopes, and a dearer life than all thy sisters can bring them. Be comforted, then, my child, that thou in thy silent darkness wilt then be called the dearest friend of the living."

The murmurs of the Angel of Sleep were changed into triumphant, grateful thanks; and she went forth to her beneficent mission for the happiness of the human race.

## THE DEATH OF MOSES.

WHEN Moses, the trusted Friend of God, was about to die and his end drew near, the Almighty gathered his angels around Him, and thus spake: "The time is come to summon to myself the soul of my servant. Who will be my messenger?"

The most exalted of the angels, Michael, Raphael, and Gabriel, who stood before the throne of the Almighty, all implored Him, saying, "We have been his teacher, and he has been ours. Command us not to require this man's soul!"

Then the fallen Sammael stepped forth: "Here am I; send me."

Clothed with anger and cruelty, Samael descended, the flaming sword in his right hand, rejoicing already in the pangs of the righteous; but when he drew near to him, and beheld the face of Moses, lo! his eyes had not become dark, and his strength had not departed from him. He wrote the words of his last hymn, and the name of the Holiest. His countenance shone, armed with peace and the serenity of Heaven.

The enemy of mankind shrank back; his sword fell from his hand, and he fled from his presence. "I cannot bring the soul of this man to thee," said he to Jehovah, "for I find no sin in him!"

Then Jehovah Himself descended to take the soul of His servant from him; and his faithful ministers, Michael, Ra-

phael, and Gabriel, with all the other angels of the Presence, descended with Him. They made ready a death-bed for Moses, and stood at his head and at his feet, and a voice cried, "Fear not! I myself will bury thee!"

Then Moses prepared himself for death, and sanctified himself as a seraph is sanctified; and God cried to his soul: "My child, an hundred and twenty years had I destined thee to dwell in the earthly tabernacle of my servant. His end has come. Go out of him, and tarry not!"

And the soul of Moses answered, "O thou Lord of the Universe! I know that Thou art the God of all spirits and all souls, and that in Thy hand are the living and the dead. From Thy hand I received the fiery



law; I beheld Thee in the flame, and saw Thee ascend and tread the path of the heavens. Through Thy power I entered into the palace of the king, and took the crown from his head, and did many wonders and signs in Egypt, and led Thy people out, and cleft the sea into two parts, and turned the bitter waters to sweet, and revealed Thy mysteries to the children of men. I dwelt under the fiery throne, and had my habitation under the pillar of fire, and talked with Thee face to face, as friend talks with friend. And now it is enough. Take me. I come to Thee."

Then God graciously kissed his servant, and in the kiss received his soul. And Moses died on the lips of God, and God Himself buried him; *and no man knoweth the place of his grave.*

## THE DOVE OF SACRIFICE.

JOYFULLY returned the stern warrior, Jephthah, from his victory. He had before the battle made an unconsidered vow to bring as an offering to the Lord whatever first came forth from his house to meet him.

And, lo ! his daughter, his only child, came forth to meet him. With the timbrel and the harp she triumphantly approached ; but her joy was soon turned into sorrow.

“Alas ! my daughter,” said Jephthah, “how dost thou afflict me ! But I have vowed, and cannot recall my vow.”

In vain the high priest came to him and instructed him that God would not accept such an offering at his hands, — that he abhorred the blood of a child shed by a father's hand upon the altar of God. But the stern warrior remained faithful to his vow, and scarcely permitted his imploring daughter to go with her companions upon the mountains there to bewail the sacrifice of her youth.

And when she, instead of the triumphant songs of victory with which she had received her father, now began to take up the sounds of lamentation, and to welcome her death, behold, a turtle-dove became her companion, and forsook her not, and cooed in her tone as if it would comfort her. But Naemi heeded not the voice of the consoling

dove; and after two months she returned to her father and said, "Thou hast sworn, my father; therefore do unto me as thou hast said," and went like a lamb to the altar.

And when the relentless father had grasped the sacrificial knife and raised his right hand, behold, Abraham with a frowning look stood by the altar, and, grasping his hand, exclaimed, "Rash man! harm not the maiden. God will not accept such offering at thy hands. He received not mine, that as a trial of my faith He had Himself required of me. But thou, cruel man, shalt die childless." Thus speaking, he vanished.

And, lo! the turtle-dove flew thither, and was offered up by the hands of the high priest as a sacrifice instead of the rescued maiden.

Joyfully Naemi with her companions went once more to the mountains, and thanked God for her newly restored youth. But God soon called her to Himself: and upon her grave cooed a turtle-dove, the mate of the one which was sacrificed. And all the daughters of Israel wept for Naemi, and went every year to her grave to mourn the daughter of Jephthah, and celebrate her deliverance.

## THE SONGS OF THE NIGHT.

ONCE in his youth David sat resting upon the plains of Bethlehem, and the Spirit of Jehovah passed over him, and his soul was opened to hear the songs of the night. The heavens proclaimed the glory of God, and all the stars united in a chorus. The echoes of their harps reached the earth; to the ends of the earth rolled on their majestic song.

“Light is the countenance of Jehovah,” sang the descending sun; and the crimson twilight took up the strain, “I am the fringe of His garment.”

The clouds towering above the earth chanted, "We are His evening pavilion," and the waters of the clouds uttered in evening thunder, "The voice of Jehovah moves upon the clouds; the God of glory thunders,—the God of great majesty thunders on high."

"He rides upon my wings," softly murmured the wind; and the silent air responded, "I am the breath of God, the spirit of His quickening presence."

"I hear songs of praise," said the fainting earth; and must I and mine remain silent and speechless?" "I will bathe and refresh thee," answered the falling dew, "that thy children, newly invigorated, may rejoice and sing, that thy sucklings may blossom like the rose."

"We gladly blossom," sang the enlivened fields; and the full ears of corn, rustling, replied, "We are the blessing of God,—the army of God battling against the extremity of hunger!"

"We bless you from above!" chanted the moon. "We bless you!" harmoniously sang the stars. The grasshopper chirped and whispered, "He blesses me also with a little drop of dew."

"He quenches my thirst," answered the hind. "He refreshes me," said the bounding roe.

"And gives us our food," dreamed the deer. "And clothes our lambs," bleated the flocks.

The turtle-dove cooed, and the swallow, and all the birds afterwards, slumbering, chirped, "We have found our nests, our habitations; we dwell upon



the altar of God, and sleep under the shadow of His wings in silent rest."

"In silent rest," answered the night, and prolonged the lingering tone. Then crowed the announcer of the morning dawn. "Lift up the gates, the doors, of the world. Let the King of Glory enter in. Awake, ye sleeping men, and praise the Lord. The King of Glory is come!"

Up rose the sun, and David awoke from his dream so rich in psalms; and so long as he lived the tones of this harmonious creation lingered in his soul, and were daily breathed forth from his harp.

## THE MORNING DAWN.

HAST thou beheld the beautiful  
Aurora? She shines forth from  
the chamber of God, a ray of imperish-  
able light, the comforter of mankind.

. . . . .

Once when David, persecuted by his  
enemies, sat one dreary night upon  
Mount Hermon, playing that most  
melancholy of his psalms, "Lions and  
tigers howl around mine ear, the bands  
of the wicked surround me, and I have  
no helper," lo! the Morning Dawn ap-  
peared. With shining eyes she sprang  
up, the early hunted hind, and darted  
upon the mountains, and spake to him,

as an angel, upon the hills: "Wherefore grieveest thou that thou art forsaken? I burst forth from the dark night,—from the most gloomy darkness comes the morning."

Cheered and consoled, David's eyes rested upon her countenance while she led forth the sun, which arose upon his mighty wings a healing power to the world. And the tones of the Psalmist's song became changed to sweetness and praise, and he called it the Song of the Morning Dawn,—“the early hunted hind.”

In after times, also, he often sang this song, and thanked God for the afflictions that had overclouded his early youth; and always with that song the morning dawn beamed into his darkened soul.

Daughter of God, holy Aurora, thou  
lookest daily down and sanctifiest the  
heavens and the earth; sanctify daily  
also my heart for thy silent dwelling!

## THE PSALMIST.

THE Royal Singer of Israel had just sung to the praise of his Deliverer one of his most divine songs, and the echo of that holy air which daily awoke him at the rising of the sun was yet lingering in his harp-strings, when Satan stood before him and inclined the heart of the king to pride in his songs.

“Thou, Almighty,” said he, “hast Thou among all Thy creatures one who praises Thee more sweetly than I?”

Behold! a grasshopper flew in at the open window before which David had outstretched his hands, and, alighting

upon the hem of his garment, commenced its clear morning carol. A crowd of grasshoppers soon gathered around it; a nightingale flew in, and in a short time all the nightingales vied with one another in singing praises to their Creator.


The ear of the king was opened, and he understood the song of the birds, the voice of the grasshopper, and all living things, — the murmur of the brook, the rustling of the grove, the echo of the morning star, and the transporting melody of the rising sun.

Lost in the exalted harmony of the voices, the incessant and unwearied praise of the Creator, he became dumb, and felt that in his song he was inferior to the grasshopper which still chirped upon the hem of his garment. Hum-

bled and abased at his own pride, he took his harp and sang: "Praise the Lord, all ye His creatures; praise His holy Name, O my soul! all that is within me, praise the Lord!"

## DAVID AND JONATHAN.

WHEN, worn out with the cares of his kingdom and with sorrows over his children, the son of Jesse slept in his grave, behold! the first who met him in the dark valley of death was Jonathan, the friend of his youth. "Our covenant is eternal," said Jonathan to the form of the old king; "but I cannot extend to thee my right hand, for thou art stained with blood, —even with the blood of my father's house,—and art laden with the sighs of my son." And David, with head bowed down, followed the heavenly youth.





“Alas!” said he, “how hard a condition is the life of a man, and a harder yet the life of a king. Would I had fallen like thee, O Jonathan, while my heart was still innocent and in the spring of my years! or would that I had remained a minstrel shepherd-boy on the plains of Bethlehem! A glorious life hast thou meanwhile lived, my brother Jonathan, in Paradise. Wherefore did I not die with thee?”


“Murmur not against Him,” said Jonathan, “who gave thee the crown of thy nation, and made thee the father of an eternal kingdom. I saw thy labors and thy sorrows, and have here awaited thee.” Saying this, he led him to a stream in Paradise.

“Drink,” said he, “from this fountain, and all thy cares shall be forgot-

ten. Wash thyself in this stream, and thou wilt become young, and more beautiful than thou wert in thy youth, when I won thy love, and we swore together the covenant of fidelity. But plunge deeply into its waters; they flow like silver, and will purify thee from all thy sins, as fire purifies from every stain."

David drank from the sacred fountain, and bathed himself in the crystal stream. The draught relieved him from all the cares of earth; but the waves of the stream penetrated deep within him! like fire they glowed in his inmost soul, until, like his heavenly friend, he stood purified from every sin.


To the newly restored youth Jonathan now reached his harp, and David



now sang beneath the Tree of Life  
more sweetly than when upon the earth  
he struck the sounding strings.

“David and Jonathan, lovely in their  
lives,” he sang, “in death also are  
not divided. Lighter than the eagle,  
swifter than the roe upon the hills.  
Ye daughters of Israel, weep for us  
no longer; we are clothed in the or-  
naments of our youth. I rejoice in  
thee, my brother Jonathan. I had joy  
and pleasure with thee when on earth;  
but here thy love to me is greater  
than the love of our youth.”

They kissed each other, and swore,  
inseparable now forever, the covenant  
of eternal truth.



## THE YOUTHFUL SOLOMON.

A KING once said to his favorite,  
“Demand of me what thou wilt,  
and it shall be granted thee.”

And the youth said to himself:  
“What shall I ask that will not cause  
me to repent of my desire? Honor  
and distinction I already possess. Gold  
and silver are treacherous gifts. I will  
ask for the daughter of the king for the  
sake of the true love that is between  
us, and with her I shall receive every-  
thing else. Above all, I shall also re-  
ceive the heart of my good benefactor;  
for he will, through this gift, become  
my father.”

The favorite besought, and his petition was granted.

So when God, in a dream, first appeared to the youthful Solomon, He said to him, "Ask me what thou wilt, and I will give it thee." And, behold, the youth prayed not for gold and silver, neither for glory and honor, nor long life; he prayed for the daughter of God, heavenly Wisdom, and with her received all things he could have desired.

To her also he breathed his most beautiful songs, and commended her to mortals as the only true happiness of earth. So long as he loved her, he possessed the heart of God, and the love of men. Yea, it is only through her that, though dead, he still lives, even on this side of the grave.

## SOLOMON'S OLD AGE.

PLEASURE, dominion, and power had in his years of manhood so blinded Solomon that he forgot Wisdom, the bride of his youth, and inclined his heart to every folly.

Once, as he was walking alone in his magnificent garden, he heard the creatures of God conversing together, (for he understood the language of animals,) and he bowed his head to listen to their speech.


"Behold the king!" exclaimed the lily; "he walks proudly over me, and yet I, in my humility, am more royal than he."

And the palm-tree, waving its branches, said: "There walks the oppressor of his nation, and yet in their songs they call him a palm-tree. Where, then, are his fruits, his branches, with which he refreshes mankind?"

He went further, and heard the nightingale say to her beloved: "We love each other, as Solomon in all his glory loves no one; as he is beloved by not one of his favorites."

"And the turtle-dove cooed to her mate: "Of his thousand wives, not one will confide in him as I confide in thee, mine only one."

Angrily the king quickened his steps, and came to the nest of a stork that was rearing her young, and raising them upon her wing as she taught them to fly. "That," said the stork




to her young, "that will not King Solomon do for his son Rehoboam; therefore his son will go astray, and strangers will bear rule in that which he has builded."

Then the king hid himself in his secret chamber, and was silent and sorrowful.

While he thus sat in deep reflection, Wisdom, the bride of his early youth, came invisibly before him, and touched his eyes. He fell into a deep sleep, and beheld a melancholy vision of future days.

He beheld, through the conduct of his unwise son, his kingdom dissevered, and ten of his oppressed tribes, fallen away from him, ruled over by a stranger. He saw his houses overthrown, his pleasure-gardens sunk by an earthquake, the city a desert, the country laid waste, and the temple of





the Most High in flames. Filled with terror, he awoke from his sleep.

And, behold! the friend of his youth stood visibly before him, and said: "Thou hast seen what will soon take place, and for all this thou hast thyself built the foundation. It no longer remains in thy power to retrieve the past; for thou canst not command the stream so that it will flow back to the fountain, nor thy youth that it shall return to thee. Thy soul is enfeebled, thy heart is exhausted, and I, the forsaken of thy youth, can be no longer thy companion in the land of thine earthly existence."


With a look of compassion she vanished; and Solomon, who had garlanded his youth with roses, wrote in his old age a book on the vanity of all earthly things.

## ELIJAH.

**Z**EALOUS and fiery was the spirit of Elijah, and a flame of fire was the spirit of his prophetic office. Often did he call down this spirit, and consume in zeal his own life.

Once when on his way to Mount Horeb, faint and weary wellnigh to death, he rested beneath a juniper-tree in the barren desert, and thus faintly sighed: "It is enough. I am ready. Take Thou my soul unto Thyself, O Thou Almighty One!"

And an angel of God appeared before him and strengthened him, leading him by the hand to the mountain,



where God took from his shoulders the heavy burden of his prophetic office, and commanded him to anoint another in his stead.

And Elijah obeyed the heavenly command, and anointed Elisha to be a prophet of the Lord in his stead. And when Elisha had assumed the robes of his prophetic office, he led Elijah by the hand to Jordan, when, behold, there came a flaming chariot with fiery horses, and the Lord separated the two men each from the other, and Elijah was borne in a storm of fire to Heaven.

The first form which he met in that world was that of Moses, his great prototype "Thou hast been zealous, my brother," cried Moses as he reached to him his right hand amid the shining


flames of the fiery chariot. "Thou hast been consumed by thy burning zeal, and hast suffered and been spent for thy brothers. I have suffered like thee, yet have I prayed for their life, and have offered my soul to redeem theirs. And now, behold, I will lead thee to the throne of thy Judge, the All-Merciful."

With trembling steps Elijah approached the cloud which surrounded the throne, hiding it from his sight.

"What wilt thou here, Elijah?" said a voice from the cloud.

And Elijah answered, "I have been zealous for Jehovah, for the God of Sabaoth, and was left alone, and they sought after my life."

And, behold, a fire shot forth from the cloud, but the Lord was not in the




fire; and a mighty wind that shattered the rocks rushed before Elijah, but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the fire and the wind came a soft, low voice, and Jehovah was in that voice. The prophet felt it penetrating his inmost being, until the flame of his spirit beamed forth like the dawn of the morning.

“Rest thee,” said the voice, — “rest and refresh thee here; for the Lord is merciful and loving, and often shalt thou descend to the children of men, and shalt teach them with a love that is like a father’s love, and shalt save and comfort them.”

Often since then has Elijah sought the children of men, but in another than his original fiery spirit. Invisibly, and in a shape not of this world, he

mingles in the communion of those who search after wisdom, and unites their souls. In the household he turns the heart of the father to the children and the hearts of the children to the father; he protects them from dangers, and answers the prayerful soul with comfort and consolation. In the person of John he went forth like the morning star before the rising sun; yea, even the Son of Love himself he strengthened upon the sacred hill of transfiguration, and with the rapture of self-sacrifice for the race of mankind filled his divine soul.



## THE THRONE OF MAJESTY.


**A**SAHEL, a God-fearing sage, too deeply absorbed in the contemplation of the Uncreated One, forgot thereby the duties of his calling, — the necessary burden of a mortal upon the earth.

Once, when buried in deep contemplation, he sat by his midnight lamp, he fell into a deep sleep, and in a dream the gates of heaven were opened to him, and he saw what he had so long desired to behold, the throne of the ever-living Jehovah. It was encircled with fire and enveloped in clouds of sevenfold darkness, from which light-

nings flashed and awful thunders echoed; and before him and behind him was night.

Filled with terror he awoke, but he had not yet received instruction. "Let me but behold the form of the throne!" he cried; and again he sank into slumber, and his dream was renewed.

Four living creatures bore up the throne, and with their faces they looked and with their wings they swiftly flew towards the four quarters of the creation, obeying the commands of Jehovah. Burning sweat ran down from them in streams, and from their unceasing motion they became so confused they knew not how near they stood to the throne, or what might be the favor of the majesty they bore. The man-like form in the sacred chariot was about





to approach him, when suddenly the vision vanished, and he awoke still more disquieted than before.

“O if I could but behold the face of the revealing Angel!” murmured Asahel. “If I could but once behold it, I would ask no more.” As he thus thought, a third time the prophetic sleep came over him. The Seraphim stood there beside the blazing throne, but their countenances were veiled,—veiled even to their feet; and their song was to him unintelligible, when one of them, approaching his side, in pitying tones exclaimed, “Rash mortal! darest thou thus desire to gaze upon what even we are not permitted to behold? It is enough for thee that the bearers of the throne have been given to thy sight; for thou art also

thyself one of the bearers of the throne.” As the Seraph ceased speaking, the dreamer awoke.

Just at at that moment a little moth flew in at the open window, and as it circled about the lamp its wings were scorched, and it sank down lifeless. “Was I not a fool,” said he to himself, “to require an angel to teach me that which this little hapless burned moth has taught me?”

And Asahel renounced henceforth the contemplation of the Seraphim, and became that for which man here on earth was created,—a living, active laborer under the throne of the Almighty.

## THE PROPHET'S STAFF.

“GIRD up thy loins,” said Elisha to his servant Gehazi, when the Shunamite woman came before him imploring him to call back his soul to her son, who was lying dead. “Gird up thy loins, and take this staff in thy hand, and if thou meetest any one by the way salute him not; and if any one should greet thee, answer not his salutation; and lay thy staff upon the face of the child; then will his soul return to him again.”

Full of joy and pride, Gehazi took the prophet's miraculous staff, after which he had so long aspired; for he had long desired to perform a miracle.


"Whither hastenest thou, Gehazi?" cried Jehu, the son of Nimshi, to him.

"To awaken one that is dead," answered Gehazi; "see, here is the staff of the prophet."

Filled with curiosity, a multitude collected and ran behind him and before him: from all the places and villages through which he journeyed, the people hastened after him to behold the raising of the dead.

With light footsteps Gehazi went before them; and when they came to Shunim he entered into the house and laid the staff upon the face of the dead child.

But there was no voice nor motion. He turned the staff around and placed it differently, to the right and to the left, above and below; but the child awoke not, and Gehazi was mocked by the multitude. Abashed and cov-



ered with confusion, he returned back to the prophet, and, appearing before him, said, "Master, the child is not awakened."

Then Elisha took the staff and hastened to Shunim, and entered into the house, and shut the door before them all. And he prayed to the Lord, and rose up and laid himself upon the child, his mouth upon the child's mouth, his eyes upon the eyes of the child, and spread himself over it until its body became warm. And he lifted the child in his arms and gave it to its mother, saying, "Here, take thy son, who was dead, and is now alive."

And Gehazi stood silent and abashed, and bowed his head humbly before the prophet, whose prayer had entered into the heart of the Most High and been granted.

## THE SACRED FIRE.

JEREMIAH fell upon his knees, and bewailed the destruction of the temple; and all the ministering angels of the Sanctuary surrounded him, and mingled their mourning with his. Even the spirits of David and Solomon strengthened him, and gave to him the sweet songs in which he wept over the destruction of their works and of their nation. "The majesty of Jehovah has departed hence!" cried he, "The Lord has deserted his Sanctuary."

"Wilt thou not preserve the flame of the Sanctuary?" said the Angel of

the Fire; "perhaps Jehovah may have compassion, and return again to the throne of His house."


And Jeremiah took seven priests, and buried the Sacred Fire in a deep pit in which there was no water.

After a few days he returned to the place, and sought the fire; but he found no fire,—only a pool of turbid water,—and his heart was grieved within him.

Then the Angel of Heavenly Light stood before him, and said: "Wherefore sorrowest thou, unhappy man? Never will the Fire of Jehovah return to this place. But from this turbid water shall a living stream spring forth that will fertilize the whole earth. The time will yet come when man shall no more repair to the mountain of the

Lord, nor yet to the place of his earthly habitation, for the whole world is His. Even the Heaven of heavens cannot conceal Him, and the earth is His footstool. But a Light shall go out from the Lord; and all nations shall walk in its 'splendor, until man shall no longer inquire of his brother, 'Who is the Lord?' but they shall all know Him, from the least to the greatest, and all shall draw water from the Stream of Life."

The angel vanished, and Jeremiah died in exile. After centuries had elapsed, the second temple was built; but the Sacred Fire was no more within it, neither was there an Ark of the Covenant, nor a voice to inquire of the Lord, — the Holy of Holies stood empty. But from the gloomy void of






the Sanctuary there sprang forth a  
Light, and from the troubled fountain  
of this temple flowed forth a Stream  
for the refreshment of all the nations  
of the earth.

## THE STARS.

WEARY and faint was Daniel from his prophetic gaze into the future, which had so often robbed him of his strength and filled his heart with terror and dismay, when, behold, one from the Council of Watchers of the Throne at last approached and said to him, "Depart, Daniel, and compose thyself until thy end come, that thou mayest stand in thy lot at the end of thy days."

Tranquilly Daniel listened to the mysterious words, which reached not the fountain of his sense, and said to the man who stood near him, in linen



garments, "Meanest thou, Lord, that these bones shall become flesh again?"


And the heavenly messenger took him by the hand and pointed him to the heavens, shining with the mighty host of glittering stars.

"Many," said he, "that sleep under the earth shall awake; but the teachers shall shine forth like the splendor of the heavens, and they that have done much good like the stars that never perish and never set."

The Watcher ceased, and, touching Daniel with his right hand, the prophet slept under the face of Heaven and its clear-shining stars.

## THE VERDICT OF THE HEATHEN RULER.

A MIGHTY Conqueror from a far-off land entered the tabernacle of a Ruler of the Desert. All the inhabitants of the tribe came to meet him, bowing before him, and bringing their robes heavy with the golden fruits and other products of that burning clime, offering them to their imperial visitor. But the Conqueror waved his hand in refusal. "Eat them among yourselves," he proudly said. "I have not come to see your wealth, but to learn of you how to mete out justice; for the fame of your justice has reached me in my distant land."



They conducted the Conqueror to the market-place, where the King was just then listening to the complaint of two of his subjects."

"Justice, O King!" cried the first of these men. "I bought of this man a sackful of chaff, and have found in it a hidden treasure. The chaff is mine, but not the gold. Command him, O King, that he receive the gold again; for it is his own, and not mine."

His antagonist answered: "Thou fearest, O unsatisfied one, to keep anything unjustly, and should I not also fear to receive what is not mine own? I have sold thee the sack and all its contents; it is thine. Command him, O King!"

The King, thoughtfully stroking his

beard, lifted his right hand, and demanded of the first, "Hast thou a son?" The man answered, "Yes, O King." And then of the other, "Hast thou a daughter?" And the answer fell as before, "I have, O King."

"Well, then," said the King, "this is the verdict of the Holy One of Israel: Give your son and your daughter to each other in marriage, and the discovered treasure shall be their marriage portion. Behold, I have said."

The two men went away satisfied with themselves and with each other.

The Conqueror sat in silent amazement as he listened to this decision.

"Have I judged unjustly?" inquired the King, who read the surprise in his visitor's face, "that thou art thus astonished?"

"No, thou hast not," answered the Conqueror; "but in my more enlightened land we should have decided otherwise."

"How, then," inquired the Heathen Ruler, "wouldst thou have judged?"

"Both men would have lost their heads," answered the civilized Conqueror, "and their treasure would have fallen into the hands of the king."

Then the King clasped his hands together, and exclaimed, "O Allah! can such things be? Does the sun, then, shine in thy country, and do the heavens shower their rain upon your fields?"

The Conqueror, drooping his head, answered, "Yes."

"It must, then, be," continued the King, lifting his hands in solemn pro-

test, "for the sake of the innocent beasts which live in your country; for upon such men no sun should shine, and no rain should fall."

And the Conqueror left the presence of the Heathen Ruler, rebuked and silenced.




## THE CONQUEROR OF THE WORLD.

**I**N the remotest India, a great king once came to a Stream of Paradise. He drank of its invigorating waters, and was refreshed. He bathed his face therein, and his youth appeared renewed. He followed the stream though distant and lonely deserts, and reached at last the gate of Paradise.

“Open to me,” he cried, “for I am the conqueror of the world, the king of the whole earth!”

But a voice from the garden replied, “Vain man, thou art stained with blood! This is the gate of Holiness,




through which none but the just may enter!"

"Give me, then," exclaimed the king, "at least a memorial that I have been here." A *death-skull* was given to him.

Unwillingly, and with a wondering mind, he received it; and the skull became heavier and heavier day by day, until he could no longer carry it; and at last all the gold of his conquests, and all the treasures of India, could not outweigh it.

Filled with dismay, he summoned to his presence the wisest sage of the kingdom, and inquired what it meant.

"That human skull is an emblem of thyself," answered the sage of the land. So long as thine eyes stand open thou canst never become sated with gold and silver. But, behold, I



will scatter dust upon the skull, and will cover it with a handful of earth; the death-skull will then become light, like any other."

The Sage scattered dust on the skull, and it was light, and a babe could have lifted it.

Amazed and thoughtful, the king retired to his inmost chamber; and, behold, in a short time the prophecy was fulfilled. The king, with a heavy heart, returned with his hosts, and died far from the Stream of Paradise; and his kingdom was dissevered, and the conqueror's head lay low, like any other head.

## THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

**F**EARFUL to the departing appears the Angel of Death. From his flaming sword fall bitter drops, and his countenance is terrible.

“Is there nothing,” demanded Asher, “that can save me from this terror? Can no one behold Paradise who looks not first upon the Angel of Death?”

“Nay,” answered the Angel of Consolation, “he who has performed works of love and goodness, who has gladdened the hearts of men and received their benediction, beholds not death. As if from the plains of Paradise the good deeds of his life arise, and, hov-



ering over him, comfort his heart, and gently bear away his soul."

"And am I one of those blessed ones?" asked Asher.

The Angel smiled: "Was not Eleazer, the faithful servant of Abraham, the beloved of the Lord, promised that he should not taste the bitterness of death for the joy that he had prepared for him in Paradise?"

"Was not Sara, when she brought to Abraham the tidings, 'Thy son liveth!' answered, 'The mouth that hath spoken this to me shall for this be comforted in the hour of death'?"

"And was not Vitia, the daughter of Pharaoh, consoled, when she was about to die, that no one might ask her, 'What reward hast thou for thy good deed in nurturing Moses?'"

In her last hour the form of Moses and the memory of all his wondrous deeds stood before her royal eyes, and the Angel of Death vanished before his presence.

“So will it be with thee, Asher the beneficent, the loved of the Lord. Turn thy face to the heavens, and be at peace!”

And the smile that rested on the countenance of the dying Asher was sweet as the smiles on the face of the Angel of Consolation. And behold, as the Angel of Death looked upon that smile, he veiled his desolate countenance, and vanished. He dared not cast his shadow over one beloved of the Almighty.



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